

That's How I Know

Tumblr Made Me Do It

- XIII

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Summary:

Patrick and Vic totally do ***not*** go on dates.

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Author's Note:

Inspired by this prompt on Tumblr:

<http://otpprompts.tumblr.com/post/156622935100/imagine-person-a-of-your-otp-telling-person-b-oh>

Victor and Patrick were hanging out at the junkyard drinking a few beers they swiped from their parents. They weren't calling it a date, well Patrick wasn't anyway, but Vic knew that's exactly what this was. Patrick wasn't a romantic person, so going to the movies or sharing a shake at the diner was out of the question, but this was the next best thing. Vic didn't mind. He enjoyed these quiet private moments with his *not-boyfriend*.

They only had a couple of beers each, not really enough to get either of them drunk, but they were pleasantly buzzed. Vic was a lightweight when it came to alcohol, so maybe he was a little more buzzed than Patrick, but Patrick seemed almost completely unfazed. Patrick and Belch were the ones who could hold their liquor in the gang.

Neither of them really said a word to each other since they got here and Vic assumed that was because Patrick was still self-conscious about their *relationship*. One could even say that he was in denial about it, but Vic understood. He could be patient if Patrick needed him to be, even when it was hard because of the overwhelming silence and all around tense atmosphere.

So they sit side by side on the hood of some old, abandoned junker just taking in the sight of the prehistoric landfill with nothing but the sound of crickets and gulping to keep them occupied. One of them would shift their bottom against the hood every so often to keep it from going numb, breaking the cycle, but as sure as the sun would set in the west they'd go right back to pretending this wasn't awkward at all.

Vic would often find himself peeking over at Patrick from time to time out of the corner of his eye, trying to gauge what the other boy was thinking or feeling in that moment, and he would always promptly look away whenever Patrick shifted just slightly. In all honesty, Patrick made him nervous for plenty of reasons, but that wasn't going to stop Victor from reminding Patrick what *this* was really about.

Patrick could cop out and call this *hanging out* all he wanted, but Victor wasn't dumb. He could read between the lines.

Victor gazed down at Patrick's hand laying flat against the dirty hood of the car and proceeded to reach out for it. Vic laid his hand on top of Patrick's and stroked it tenderly with his thumb. He could see Patrick's head swivel incredulously over towards him and Vic swore it made his heart speed up. He hung his head down slightly, platinum bangs falling in his face, and slowly turned towards his companion. Patrick stared at him indifferently, eyes squinting just a little bit with suspicion, before his gaze drifted down to where they held hands.

Before Patrick could pull his hand away or say something, Victor leaned forward and kissed Patrick on the lips. Vic laid his other hand on Patrick's knee and relaxed into the other boy's contact, sighing softly. Patrick pulled back and wrapped a hand around Vic's throat to distance them. It was more of a cautionary tactic than anything else seeing as how Patrick would never actually bring Victor any harm. Patrick's grasp was always so gentle.

"What are you doing?" Patrick warned, eyes hooded in a dark expression.

"What? We're on a date aren't we?" Vic implied.

"This isn't a date!" Patrick said defensively, cheeks glowing as he glared at Vic.

He let go of Victor and distracted himself by taking a drink of his beer. Patrick always did this. He'd lash out like a frightened animal backed up in a corner. Vic knew this is just how Patrick was, but it still managed to get to him.

"Well if that's how you feel," Vic scoffed, only feigning hurt just a little bit.

Two could play that game. He slid off the hood of the car, knocking over his half finished beer by accident, and dusted his pants off. Victor started to walk away, leaving Patrick to just sit there in awe with his eyebrows furrowed and mouth agape. He heard Patrick slide off the car and jog after him. Vic couldn't help but smirk when Patrick grabbed him by the wrist and spun him around.

"Where are you going?" Patrick questioned, sounding slightly hurt and confused.

"I'm going home."

"You can't just leave," Patrick argued.

"Sure I can. This isn't a date so I'm not obligated to stay, am I?" Vic told him, pulling away from Patrick to make his point. "Which is a shame since I was gonna let you kiss me some more."

"Are you blackmailing me?" Patrick accused, slightly amused.

Patrick wrapped an arm around Vic's waist and pulled him in close, causing the blonde boy to stumble into his embrace with a soft chuckle. Vic laid his hands on Patrick's chest and pressed up against him. The atmosphere was a little less tense now that there was a hint of a smile on Patrick's face.

"It's not blackmail if you enjoy it anyway," Vic offered, and this made Patrick smile a little. "I like to call it *incentive*."

"That's clever," Patrick complimented.

"One of has to be in order to make the other one look smart," Vic remarked.

"Fuck you," Patrick scoffed with a roll of his eyes.

"Oh, come on! You know you love me," Vic replied with an amused grin.

“I’d sell you to satan for one corn chip,” Patrick deadpanned.

“That’s how I *know* you love me,” Victor humored. “Now shut up and kiss me.”

Patrick wrapped his arms around Victor and nearly crushed the blonde with how tightly he held him. Vic clung to Patrick’s shoulders and braced himself for the hard kiss he knew was coming. Patrick liked to get rough sometimes, which was perfectly fine with Vic if he was being totally honest, and Patrick’s kisses were always the best. He bit and sucked and Vic wouldn’t want it any other way.

If Vic’s hair was longer, surely Patrick would be pulling it, but he settled for grappling at the blonde’s shirt and grabbing the back of his neck instead. Patrick was a needy type of kisser. Always needing to claim and take control. That’s why Patrick was still getting used to the idea of Vic kissing him first. He knew Victor had no problem with relinquishing control, but it still caught him off guard from time to time.

But that didn’t matter now because Vic was parting his lips and letting Patrick ravage him with his tongue and teeth. Patrick always did his most to draw sounds out of Vic and the blonde never disappointed, but that was a given. Victor was perfect in every way and without a doubt the best of them all. Patrick knew Vic deserved better, he’s just lucky Vic was stubborn enough to say *fuck that* and be with him anyway.

Vic gave Patrick’s lips one last peck before resting his forehead against the other boy’s. They stood there and held each other for a few moments longer, smiling and just generally enjoying the presence of the other.

“We should go on dates more often,” Patrick informed, loving the way Victor’s face lit up.

“Maybe we could go to the movies?” Vic suggested, using his *careful* voice.

“The movies?”

“I mean, just think about it. It’s loud and dark and no one would notice us,” Vic supplied, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively. “Who knows what we could get away with.”

“You know, sometimes you’re *too* clever,” Patrick purred.

“You say that like it’s a bad thing.”

“It is,” Patrick teased with a mischievous grin. “And that’s exactly why I love it.”